



Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;  
If you don't it won't be blown.  
The people won't flock  
To buy your stock  
If you never make it known.

So, Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn;  
It's the proper business caper,  
And the very best way  
To make it pay  
Is to blow it through this paper.

## There is No Place

## Just Like Daytona

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ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL VIEWS IN DAYTONA.

If you are sojourning in Florida and have not yet visited Daytona your trip to the State is Not Yet Complete.

Come and See---  
Daytona Awaits You.

**A Surprise For the Hunters.**  
"If the lair of a leopard is known," says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, "stones will generally dislodge the lurker. I recall one occasion when a leopard was supposed to be located in a cave near camp. The guns were placed around in positions commanding the exit, and a few stones were then thrown in. There was no result at first, but as more and larger stones crashed in there came a faint humming and then a roar like the sea under the cliffs. In a moment the air above the cave's entrance grew dark with bees! As one man sportsman and gun bearers fled for the camp. A few were slightly stung before they could reach their tents and pull the flaps over the entrances, which the bees for some time besieged. Incredible though it may sound, it is the truth that, although the camp was full of native servants, horses, etc., none of those who had remained behind and were not concerned in the attack on the bees' cave were stung. It was a considerable time before the bees beat a retreat, but during all the time that they stayed in the camp it was the tents of their aggressors exclusively round which they angrily buzzed."

**The Crab in the Whale's Ear.**  
When the whales were still frequent along the lines of passenger travel across the Atlantic nothing was more common than to see the great beasts hurling their bulk clean out of the waves and, after a flight through the air, falling back into the sea with an enormous splash, a spectacle never falling of interest to the ocean tourist, but not due to any sportive disposition on the part of the leviathan of the deep--quite the contrary. The breaching of the whale is no fun for the beast. It is a frantic effort to rid himself of the torture of earache. There is a marine crustacean which pesters whales to the verge of endurance, and there seems reason to believe that some whales have been driven insane by these tiny parasites. It is a crab of about the size of that which is found in the oyster. When it lodges on the whale it infests the inner surface of the eyelids and the ear. By swift rushes on the surface the whale is able to clear its eyes, but the crab in the inner ear cannot be dislodged by any such means.

**"Ox Eyes" For Two.**  
The drawback of fancy names for dishes is their tendency to be deficient in prosaic information. Would you order "angels on horseback," for instance, if you did not know what sort of thing it was? And to appeal to the waiter to interpret is humiliating. A correspondent recalls his own fate in the matter of "ochsenaugen" (ox eyes). Having repeatedly seen them on the menu among the pudding class during a tour in Germany, he and his wife eventually ordered them. "Two portions?" asked the woman waiter. "Oh, yes, two portions." It proved that two portions of ox eyes meant six fried eggs--as the final course of a hearty meal. And, as the wife had the moral courage to refuse to eat more than one, the cowardly husband, unwilling to give away that he had not known what he was ordering, had to worry down the five others.

**A Startling Hat.**  
A lady's hat which would no doubt create as great a sensation today as it did at the time of its first appearance in 1352 was that worn by Blanche de Bourbon, queen of Castile, wife of Peter the Cruel. It cost £35 and was made in Paris. The hat itself was composed of de chypre and relieved with great pearls, garnets and enamel work. Children, carved in the whitest of ivory, were depicted picking acorns of pearls from the oak and scattering them to the swine below. Birds were singing in the trees, and at the foot were bees stealing honey from the flowers springing up from the verdure.

**Fresh Air For Sleeping.**  
A person requires twenty cubic inches of fresh air at each respiration, or on an average of 400 per minute, and in ten hours' sleep he consumes 130 cubic feet of air. The air of a bedroom ten feet square, having its doors and windows closed and occupied by one person, would become unfit for respiration in four hours. In the case of two occupants the time would, of course, be reduced to two hours.--New York American.

**Points on the Market.**  
Old Gentleman (in broker's office)--Now, what do you think I might buy? Broker--You ought to have some Chartered. Old Gentleman--Why, I was only thinking coming up in the train that I ought to sell some Chartered. Broker (who wants a commission)--Well, that's not a bad idea, either.--London Financial Times.

**A Dried Up Spring.**  
Editor--I understand, Mr. Pennyman, that you have married. Pennyman (sadly)--Yes. Editor--That will perhaps infuse new life in your mother-in-law jokes, eh? Pennyman (more sadly)--Alas, that is a thing of the past. The mother-in-law is no longer a joke with me.--Brooklyn Life.

**An Appreciated Kindness.**  
"Mr. Growell," began the visitor, "I don't want to disturb you"--  
"Very considerate of you to come in here just to tell me that," said the busy man. "I appreciate it, sir. Good day!"--New York Journal.

**Easy Money.**  
Hard Featured Woman--So you had money once, had you? May I ask you how you made your first thousand dollars? Tuffold Knutt (wiping his eye with his coat sleeve)--Ma'am, I dreamt it!--Chicago Tribune.

## A BLACK HAND LETTER

By M. QUAD.  
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Major Cleveland, retired, was in the wrong of it. He had permitted and tacitly encouraged young Mr. Herbert to visit the house and listen to his war stories and fall in love with his daughter Janet, and then when he asked for her hand he had drawn himself stiffly up and replied:

"It cannot be, sir! I am of the army, sir, and, though retired on half pay by a grateful country, once of the army always of the army. My dearest hope is for Janet to marry a colonel in active service. I shall speak to her at once, sir--at once."

"Janet," the major said the next day to his daughter, "there must be no more of this nonsense between you and young Herbert."

That was all. The major congratulated himself that his order would be obeyed, and Miss Janet put on a look and assumed the attitude of a broken hearted girl not long for this world. The mother became worried and protested, and the major became a little bit anxious and talked about spring tonics, though he had no idea of countermanding his order. All might have gone well if the grocer who supplied the house hadn't called his delivery boy a slouch and a lazybones and if the said boy hadn't fired up and quit his job. Another took his place just as Miss Janet wanted to send a note to her lover real bad. The change of boys perplexed her for a moment, and she hadn't time to go into explanations further than to hand him the missive and 10 cents and mention Mr. Herbert. The boy grinned and nodded, and the wagon rattled away, and ten minutes later he was perusing the letter. His name happened to be Herbert, and he happened to be a vain boy, and he further happened to believe that Miss Janet had got struck on him. It was a proud moment for him, for he already had another girl on the string. She worked in a shirt factory, and she wasn't a tony girl, but he loved her. He was also jealous of her, and now was his chance to get even.

Mr. Herbert did not get the note intended for him; Miss Janet did not get a reply as expected; the mother saw new cause to believe that her daughter was not long for this world, and the major sighed and wished that some one would come in and listen to his war stories. That grocer's boy had brought butter, eggs and potatoes, but he had left a load of carking care behind him. Next morning brought something like a sudden thunderclap. Miss Janet received a letter mailed at the village postoffice the night previous. It was ill spelled and was not capitalized or punctuated at all. It was signed "Black Han," and it contained some dire and awful threats. If she did not change her course she would be shot, stabbed, clubbed, boiled in oil and die many other ways. It was to be a first and last warning, and there were many "beware's" in it. Janet was frightened, her mother was more so, and the major swore by the bloody sword he had used at Gettysburg that he would get at the bottom of the mystery if he had to call out the entire army of the United States.

The village marshal was consulted, and he struck a clew. That clew led to a tin peddler, who fainted away when arrested. Other clews were struck and followed, and before night of the first day five persons had been hauled to the lockup. The Black Hand had reached Clifton at last, but it was to be rooted out forthwith. On the second morning after receiving the letter Janet saw the grocer's boy at the back door again, and as she took a bunch of asparagus from his hands she found a missive with it and also received a wink from him. She passed the wink by and ran up to her room with the letter. In a moment she had the Black Hand by the throat. "I showed her your luv letter to me," read the letter, "and she took on awful. She was jelus, and I guess she wrote you last nite. Don't mind her. I will shake her for you."

Herbert, the grocer's boy, had taken over the ownership of the missive for Herbert, the lover. He had shown it to the shirtmaker, and her jealousy had been aroused. She it was who had written the "Black Han" letter. Major Cleveland was plunging around and telling the whole town what he was going to do when his daughter put him on the right track. He rushed off to see the shirtmaker and frightened her into owning up, and he had returned home to tell what punishment was to be inflicted when Miss James inquired:

"Papa, do you want everybody to think I am in love with that grocer's boy?"

"By heavens, no!" he shouted.

"Or that a shirtmaker is jealous of your daughter?"

"Don't talk that way!"

"The note I wrote was to Mr. Herbert, the lawyer. The grocer's boy has the same name, and he thought it was for him. Can't you see that you had best drop the matter at once?"

"But the village marshal has arrested five persons and is after others."

"But he can let them go."

"But I told you to have nothing more to do with that Herbert."

"And is it right that all you have gone through as a brave soldier should be kept locked in your own bosom? Can't you see how much better it would be to drop this Black Hand business and its gossip and invite Mr. Herbert up to hear you tell how you took the enemy in flank at South Mountain?"

The major thought it over, and Mr. Herbert was invited to return, and as one of the family he has got to be quite a war talker himself.

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